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THOUGHTS

ARDELIA COTTON BARTON

San Francisco
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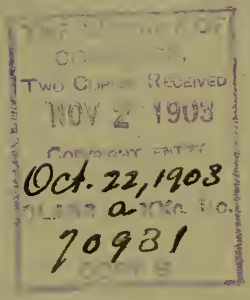

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By Ardelia Cotton Barton

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK TO MY HUSBAND, WHO HAS RECEIVED WITH PLEASURE, EACH THOUGHT AT ITS BIRTH

PREFACE

Thought is the parent. If error has crept in among the little thoughts, and the children have become disobedient and refractory, it is not the parent's fault. Nor must you blame the children either; they are young yet, and you must not expect too much of them.

Sincerely yours,

ARDELIA COTTON BARTON.

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THOUGHT WAVES

A vibratory wave of thought
Swept o'er the face of earth.
It permeated brain of man,
Intelligence had birth.

God touched the button (as it were);
Electric sparks burst out,
And scattered beams of brilliant light,
And banished ignorant doubt.

The wires are laid from brain to brain,
Soon soul to soul can speak.
We all must learn to read the lines;
The key we all must seek.

When soul to soul can message send—
Dispatched from mind to mind,—
All nations will be swayed by thought,
And thought will rule mankind.

THOUGHT SHADOWS

Thoughts are shaded with a pencil,
Ofttimes heavily and black.
But so faint the shading sometimes
That our lives may seem to lack
High design and strength of purpose.
Yet o'er the surface oft is seen,
Even through the finest shading,
Strength of will, from which we glean

Many gems of rarest value,
Which transmit the light within;
Flashing with prismatic colors
Purest soul thought, which will win
Loving hearts and trusting friendships,
Deeds of valor, courage strong,
Never ending—nay, forever
Helping on the mighty throng.

THOUGHT SHADOWS

Light though shadows as a zephyr,
  Yet they have the strength of God;
Lasting ever and forever,
  Though we are beneath the sod.
Earth is circled with thought-girdle,
  Many links of it are weak;
Some are broken by dissension,
  And we often vainly seek

Thought to fathom, with its marvels,
  And we vaguely, wondering stand,
Even thinking had we builded,
  Stronger would have been thought's wand.
What is life but lights and shadows?
  What is life but good and ill?
Life is just what we have made it,
  Is the outgrowth of our will.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

The mountain stream for æons past
  Hath cut its way through mountains grand,
Untiring in its eager course
  To win its way from mount to strand.

It chants a requiem, sometimes sad;
  Again it warbles notes of joy.
To ears attuned to anthems sweet,
  It sings a song without alloy.

The trees, their branches bending low
  To kiss the sparkling waters pure,
E'er mingle tender love-notes sweet—
  A love that ever will endure.

Then answering back from tree to tree,
  The song-birds trill their notes of love.
And e'en the hum of insect life
  Seems prayer devout to God above.

TO A MOUNTAIN STREAM

Tall firs and pines seem sentinels,
To guard the stream from vandal hands.
Wild roses scatter their perfume,
Pure incense to the angel bands.

The virgin soil was not defiled
By careless tread in ages past;
No mocking laugh, nor impious word,
Made nature sad, with grief o'ercast.

The flowers bloomed on unseen by man,
As ages came, then passed away.
The snowflakes made them graves and shrouds,
For flowers bloom but to decay.

O mountain stream! O trees and flowers!
Man now hath come; thy home invades.
No more the silence of the past
On mountain crown and evergreen glades.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

There was darkness o'er the land—
  Deep darkness as the night,—
Superstition then held sway;
  But God said, "Be there light."

Cruel man made cruel God—
  Aye, standing in His might,
With arms outstretched to curse the race,
  Then God said, "Be there light."

Superstition revel held;
  Naught else could hold its right.
God then spake in thunder tones,
  "We give to man the light."

Sacrificed was man at stake,
  And in dark dungeon cast;
Crucified for non-belief,
  Belief that still doth last.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

Then, with love, God spake to man—
  And to his blinded sight
Revelation came at last,
  And unto him new light,

And no more will darkness deep
  Envelop this earth bright.
Evermore will God's word stand—
  He says, "*Let there be light.*"

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

Comes to me a breath of perfume—
  Breath of rose and eglantine.
Memories bringing back of childhood,
  When I drank of Life's rich wine.

Ne'er forgotten is my childhood,—
  Ne'er forgotten is the time
When I sat by kitchen fireplace,
  On its shelf was pot of thyme.

Then the birds seemed singing love-songs,
  E'er ascending to the skies;
E'er ascending to their Maker
  All their calls and sweet replies.

Life hath been not all bright play-day,
  Oft hath come to me the rue;
Oft the thorns among the roses
  Have in life come to my view.

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

Trusted friends have proved deceitful,
  Hopes most high delusive been,
Disappointments have me greeted,
  Purest lives have shown some sin.

Oft I 've tasted gall and wormwood;
  But the thought of roses sweet
Lingers still in my remembrance,
  I, in life, their perfume greet.

And that past is ever present,
  Ever present in my heart,
Filling it with sweetest love-thoughts,
  As I tread the world's wide mart.

Nothing now is quite as joyful,
  Nothing now but hath its sting;
But the joys of past I think of,
  In my soul those pleasures ring.

I CAN, I WILL

I can, I *will,* be conqueror—
Will conquer self forever, aye.
Will rise above all selfish thoughts;
Some little good do every day.
The past is past. The future is
A closed and strongly sealed-up book.
I have not power to break the seal,
Nor on its pages ever look.

I can, I *will,* love all mankind.
Not anger, malice, nor dark hate
Shall taint the well-spring of my life;
Sweet peace shall ever on me wait.
The temple of my soul shall be
All garnished, and from evil free;
Its portals guarded well from sin
Through time and through eternity.

I CAN, I WILL

I can, I *will,* face every foe
Without, and also from within;
Will try to live a life all pure,
Untainted it by thought of sin.
To-day is mine with all that is—
To-morrow may deep sorrow bring,
But also strength to bear all ills;
So of to-day I will be king.

I can, I *will,* take up my cross,
Though heavy it may be to bear.
I know that God will give me strength
And ever have me in His care.
The past can never be recalled—
No cause have I to court despair;
Self-centered, in my soul of souls,
All sorrows I, with smiles, can bear.

I CAN, I WILL

I can, I *will,* help other souls
To bear the pains and griefs of life.
In love should all united be—
'T is ignorance that doth breed all strife.
When man shall know his heritage,
Unites himself to higher will,
This world will be a paradise,
Sweet harmony his soul shall fill.

I can, I *will,* be to myself
A law, though helped by higher power.
God sows the seeds of righteousness—
I will not be a blighted flower.
I can, I *will,* do every work
My willing hands may find to do;
If doubt and fear hath weakened me,
Each day will God my strength renew.

PLANS UNFULFILLED

"The mighty wheel of circumstance
  Doth turn upon a hinge."
Full oft it turns with lightning speed,
  And often doth impinge
Upon our plans, so perfect laid
  That naught would seem to shake,
Nor change them in the smallest way,
  Their strength and wisdom break.

We 're ever making plans for life,
  But seldom plans for death,
Though death we know must come to us,
  And life is but a breath.
The wheel turns round, the plan is changed
  With never thought of ours.
We then begin to plan anew,
  Regardless of the showers

PLANS UNFULFILLED

Of disappointments falling fast,
  That check the flowing stream
Of well-laid plans in sunshine made,
  Of hopes which brightly gleam.
Again the wheel turns round and round;
  Another plan laid low,
Engulfed forever in the pool
  That 's filling fast with woe.

The hinges creak; so often wet
  With tears from broken hopes.
Too soon, alas! the wheel must stop.
  E'en now no more it copes
With broken hearts, with futile plans;
  Its spokes are all now gone;
The hinges broken are by rust.
  No hope is ever won.

LOVE'S PLEADING

Come near to me, my own sweetheart,
I 'll breathe to thee Love's tender token.
Oh, put your hand, sweet love, in mine,
Nor fear the storms that oft have broken
O'er homes once filled with love and joy,
Brought grief to lives despite Love's pleading,
Made desolate hearths, and wrecked all hopes,
And left Love's wings all bruised and bleeding.

Dost thou love me as I love thee?
Wilt give thyself into my keeping?
Hast thou no fear that false I 'll be,
That I will cause thee grief and weeping?
Wilt thou to me give heart and hand?
Wilt walk Love's path with me forever?
My heart shall be to thee so true
That naught on earth nor heaven can sever.

LOVE'S PLEADING

E'en though dark storms beset our way,
We 'll ever walk that way together,
We 'll have a home all filled with love,
And brightness from all clouds we 'll gather.
The roof of home be thatched with peace—
All safe we 'll be in Love's bright bower.
Come to my arms! I 'll hold thee, love,
And God will blessings on us shower.

The door of home shall open be
To all the good who choose to enter.
A paradise this home shall be,
And thee, my love, will be its center.
My heart is filled with joy divine,—
My life is filled with utmost pleasure.
For thou art now my own sweet bride;
And evermore my greatest treasure.

"OLD GLORY"

'T is waving in the breeze, "Old Glory"!
And e'en the wind seems proud to greet
The emblem of our nation's story—
And kisses it with zephyrs sweet.

We honor it, the Flag of Freedom!
We will its starry folds unfurl;
Its stripes are not the stripes of serfdom,
No more will tyrants dare to hurl

A shout derisive to our banner—
Respect it hath from countries free;
Demand it ever will our people,
From every nation o'er the sea.

Bow down not we to degradation,
We hold our heads as freemen brave;
We stand erect; no yoke of bondage
Is on our necks; our Flag doth wave

"OLD GLORY"

O'er freeman born, o'er slavery vanquished,
  O'er wives and mothers who will stand
Enfranchised yet, by husbands, brothers,—
  United all, in Freedom's land.

Our country doth its children honor,
  And blesses them with lavish hand,
No more will slavery us dishonor—
  For banished it from out our land.

Our Flag doth wave o'er many turrets,
  And all shall it respect, revere,
And aliens never more will curse it,
  For to all hearts it will be dear.

Unfurl our Flag! Unfurl "Old Glory"!
  And wave it aye aloft, above;
We bless its stars, we bless its colors;
  We kiss its stripes with children's love.

PEACE—WHEN WILL IT COME?

This weary watching, waiting—
  This waiting for the time
When man will love his brother,
  Of ev'ry land and clime.

When all shall speak one language,—
  That language faith in man;
When naught of race nor color
  Shall be to love a ban.

Then quarrels will be settled,
  Without the use of arms;
No war-note will be sounded
  The key-note of alarms.

Of swords we 'll make our ploughshares
  When peace shall rule all lands;
The idioms of nations
  Be friendly clasp of hands.

"THE ISLES OF THE BLEST"

Oh, where are these isles to be found?
And in what bright sea do they rest?
The souls that inhabit these isles,
Oh, what is their work? What behest

Is given to them from on high?
Do ever they shed bitter tears?
Are ever dark clouds o'er these isles?
No cloud in this land e'er appears.

What ship shall I take for these isles?
And what shall the freightage now be?
Take all of your hopes; pack with care,
You pack for the isles of life's sea.

Is there a ship worthy such freight?
And builded is she with great care?
If stranded she were on life's sea—
Oh, never the loss could I bear.

"THE ISLES OF THE BLEST"

Perhaps she 'll ne'er reach these fair isles,
  But sink with the hopes I have sent.
Then, what will become of my life?
  For all of my faith will be spent.

And e'en if we reach these fair isles,
  What promise have we of sweet peace?
What promise have we of our rest?
  Our every grief may increase.

Fear not. When your ship reaches port
  A grave is your harbor of rest.
Your spirit then breaks its strong chains,
  And soars to the "Isles of the Blest."

VOICES

Voices, to us ever calling,
Calling us from o'er the way;
Voices coming from the shadows,
Whispering to our souls alway;
Voices speaking from the mountains
Seem to toll a requiem sad,
Then again from mount and valley
Ring out notes so clear and glad.

Moaning voices from the ocean,
Messages oft bring to me—
Trilling love-songs are the birdlings,
Muttering ever is the sea.
All the flowers are singing anthems,
Praising God that they do live;
Sending forth their perfume gladly,
Fragrance sweet to all they give.

VOICES

Voices calling from the distance,
From the storm-clouds and the rain,
From the dew-drops and the sunshine;
Speak they not to us in vain.
Angels' voices from the heavens
Seem to speak from tiny star;
Seem to speak from all the planets,—
Their sweet voices never jar.

Voices hear I sweetly singing,
Softly murmuring o'er the vales,
Sow good seed; then reap your harvest,
Store it well, 'fore coming gales.
'T is the voice of God who speaketh,
Echoing o'er the sea and land,
List you to this voice almighty—
God hath given you this command.

STORE UP THE SUNSHINE

We should garner all the sunshine
That in our pathway lies,
We should store in heart the blossom
Of good which never dies.

For so bright is summer sunshine
That shadows e'en are warm.
Soon the chilling winds of autumn
Will cold, dark shadows form.

Soon may come the tears of sorrow,
As comes the chilling blast.
So no grief we need to borrow,
No shadow overcast

The sweet hope of happy morrow;
Deface it not with gloom;
In dark crannies store up sunshine,
For there is ever room

STORE UP THE SUNSHINE

For a little ray to enter,
And lighten up the nook;
Then the shadows dark will vanish,
And brighter it will look.

We will overcome all darkness,
Will only choose bright day,
Smiles should ever hide the tear-drops,
And longer with us stay.

Oh, then garner beams of sunshine—
Store smiles, instead of tears.
For behind the darkest shadow
Some little light appears.

Much too oft we make life gloomy—
When happy we might be,
If we gathered more of sunshine,
And not dark shadows see.

STORE UP THE SUNSHINE

E'en though shadows oft are needed
To make our lives complete,
They should never be in foreground,
Thus first our eyes them meet.

Though the days be dark and gloomy,
We promise have of light.
Oh, so soon we'd tire of sunshine,
If there were never night.

BE WATCHFUL

In the hurry and the skurry
  Of life, with all its cares;
With the trouble and the worry,
  And all the many snares,
We too oft neglect our duties,
  Too oft impatient are
To our weary fellow workers,
  And often thus debar
Them from many joys and pleasures
  Which are their right and due,
Thus depriving them of solace,
  And giving pain in lieu.
We should ever be more watchful,
  More heedful of our words;
For we little know the sorrow
  And trouble that engirds
All of life, though it seems happy,
  Nor all the tears that flow,
Nor the grief that doth embitter,
  Nor all the hidden woe.

CHILD SLANDER

He was born of thoughtless parents—
  Scarce had strength to cry or moan,
He was nursed by Indiscretion;
  Never left was he alone.
All his food was condemnation;
  All his drink was hearsay vile.
And full well he thrived on scandal,
  Growing stronger all the while.

Soon his mother went a journey—
  Took her child with mother's pride;
He was petted, loved, and flattered,
  And was quoted far and wide.
He was dressed in gorgeous colors,
  All his dress prepared by Thought.
And embellished was Child Slander
  By rich gems from Envy wrought.

And most skillful the inventions,
For from master hand they came.
But no one could find inventor,
Though his work won highest fame.
The companions of Child Slander
Were deep malice, lies, and hate;
Innuendoes sly and noisome
Did with joy upon him wait.

When this child had grown to manhood,
He was powerful and strong;
And no more with fear did tremble,
But with courage joined a throng
Of low, busy scandal-mongers,
Who went forth to slay at will;
Springing slyly on their victims—
All prepared were they to kill.

CHILD SLANDER

He forgotten has his parents;
Trace of them no more is found;
But he needs their help no longer,
He with cunning now is crowned.
He becomes the sire of Murder,
And Disgrace is his strong friend.
Desolation in his pathway
He is waiting all to rend.

All who come within his precincts—
Friend and foe will share alike,
And are stung by fangs of Slander;
Ready he each one to strike.
But at last success makes drunken,
Slander stings himself, then dies,—
Dies at last from his own venom;
In dishonored grave he lies.

THE SNOW-FLOWER OF THE SIERRAS

Beneath thy blanket pure and white,
  Hast slept thou all the winter through.
Thy dreams were of thy birthday morn,
  And of the sun which wouldst thee woo;
With ardent gaze from eyes of fire,
  To thee give kiss and luring smile.
And pressing lips upon thy brow,
  His warm embrace wouldst thee beguile.

Thou blushest e'en at thought of kiss,
  And peeping out of blanket warm,
Dost think of dress which thou wilt wear,
  The raiment which shall deck thy form.
With sigh of joy dost raise thy head,
  And springing from thy couch of snow,
All rosy red from thy long sleep,
  Returnst the kiss he did bestow.

THE SNOW-FLOWER OF THE SIERRAS

Sweet bride thou art, around thee thrown
  Is bridal veil of purest white.
No dress more gorgeous in the land—
  'T is woven on a loom of light.
Entranced are all by thy sweet face,
  But fleeting is thy beauty rare;
Too soon thy fragile form will fall,
  Dissolve too soon in wintry air.

The love that coaxed thee from thy couch
  Soon hid itself behind the hills,
For e'en the love of Sun-God bright,
  So selfish is, it ofttimes kills.
Thy bridal veil is now thy shroud,
  Thy pure white bed is now thy grave.
Death claims thee, fair forsaken bride;
  But better death than life—a slave.

BRIDGE OF MOTES

On bridge of motes around the earth
  Can travel fast all thought.
Can travel joy, can travel grief;
  This bridge by God was wrought.

The motes seem things of form and life—
  E'er changing with the light.
The bridge is there, though never seen
  Except in sunshine bright.

The bridge of life is made of motes,
  So small they ne'er are known,
But joined by rays of sunshine bright,
  The motes have larger grown.

Our every thought, our every act
  Helps build a bridge of strength,
Though often hidden by the clouds,
  So not is seen its length,

BRIDGE OF MOTES

Nor height, nor breadth, nor power to stand
  And govern weak mankind.
Some motes are bright with loving deeds,
  And some to earth us bind.

By every breath the motes of good
  Or evil thoughts are blown;
Again are gathered up by love,
  And by the sun are shown.

A bridge to heaven we can build
  By loving deeds and just,—
'T is made of brilliant motes, this bridge—
  E'en though the motes be dust.

For every kind and loving thought
  Is ray of sunlight bright,
Which shows the smallest act of ours,
  As stars light darkest night.

FAME

O Fame! A bubble on life's wave,
'T is tossed about, a worthless thing;
The bubble breaks—'t is lost for aye,
But leaves on heart a poignant sting.

It flashes out athwart the sky,
It raises hope in feverish brain,
Then falls to earth a useless thing.
You grasp at it, but all in vain.

You cut your name on granite block;
As ages come and pass away,
Disintegrated is the stone,
For all in nature must decay.

The rock in time will be but sand,
The books you write will be but dust,
For fame is but a passing thought,
Then, man, in fame put not your trust.

FAME

If fame lives not; what then, O man,
  Lives on, as ages come and go?
'T is truth spread broadcast in the land;
  Then only truth should man bestow.

The light of truth will never dim,
  On darkened souls its rays will fall,
Diffusing joy, dispelling gloom;
  Then truth, not fame, should lives enthral.

THE GRIND OF LIFE

The friction and grind of this life—
  Must ever the miller grind on?
Will never the heavy wheel stop?
  Will never life's battles be won?

What grist is put into the mill?
  What grain have we garnered and kept?
If harvest is ruined by blight,
  How many have sorrowed and wept?

The mills of the gods grind so slow,
  But grind they exceedingly small,
For grind they out all of our deeds,
  And some are as bitterest gall.

Oh, who is the miller that grinds?
  Is the mill run by friends or by foes?
It often is run by our tears;
  The grist is oft spoiled by our woes.

THE GRIND OF LIFE

Doth never the water run dry?
  Is always the mill at its best?
Doth never machinery stop?
  Doth never the miller need rest?

The miller must soon take his rest,
  For all of the spokes in the wheel
Are broken or bent by strong weight,
  Or crushed 'neath oppression's firm heel.

Soon the grist will be ground and all packed,
  The chaff will be thrown to the wind;
The mill will be shut and well locked,
  Life's grist never more will we grind.

LIFE'S DRAMA

In drama of life, we actors are,—
  Take heed that we play our part well,
Our lines study hard, rehearse them oft,
  And watch for the ringing of bell.

The clown is needed as much as the star;
  The play is not perfect 'thout each.
For sunshine and shadow is all life,
  And shadows far out ever reach.

We linger too long in shadows dark,
  When sunshine is not far away,
Too oft we shed tears, when laugh we might,
  Of work we might often make play.

The curtain ring down; extinguish the lights,
  Now, actors, go home to your rest—
The play is finished, the curtain is down,
  The clown is now through with his jest.

WHAT IS GOD'S BEST GIFT TO MAN?

'T is asked by sage, 't is asked by scholar,
What gift is best which God gave man?
Is 't life or wealth or highest honor?
A problem this since the world began.

We born are into earth conditions—
Life have not sought, it do not seek,
No power have we to change the fiat,
Though wish be strong, we are too weak.

Bowed down are we by limitations—
Inherit we our foe disease,
And birth seems almost accidental,
Forefathers sought not us to please.

Then, under all these grave conditions,
Were we obliged to live e'er on,
'T would be to us most dire injustice,
Soul's victories not on earth are won.

But God well loves His erring children;
He knows their errors came with breath,
So He, with never-failing wisdom,
Bequeathed to man the gift of death.

Best gift of all that He hath given—
God's benediction from on high,
A sleep it is, with joyful waking;
No child of earth should fear to die.

Of earthly joys so soon we weary;
So soon we falter on our way,
Our hearts seem every day to weaken—
We welcome death—e'en for it pray.

LOVE'S GUIDE-BOARD

Upon the roadway of my life,
A guide-board I will leave of love,
So those who follow in my steps
May guided be to hills above,
To sun-tipped hills above the clouds—
Above, beyond this vale of woe;
This guide-board high as heaven shall be,
Illumed it is by Love's bright bow.

The path beneath is strewn with hopes—
With broken hearts, with broken vows;
But on this guide-board writ is love,
And down to Love mankind aye bows.
The guide-board forms a cross by road—
Symbolic this of all Love's way.
We often weep beneath Love's cross,
But when she calls we her obey.

LOVE'S GUIDE-BOARD

Though bruised and bleeding are our feet,
  Though weary is the way we tread,
Though storms of sorrow on us fall,
  We onward press where Love hath led.
So I will love, will never hate,—
  Surrounded though I be by sin,
I 'll struggle up the path to light,
  Content to tread where Love hath been.

FORT DESPAIR

Is garrisoned this fort with troops
  All honest, courageous, and true?
Provisioned is it for a siege?
  And all of its guns strong and new?

For siege I shall lay to this fort,
  Besiege it with men strong and brave,
Who never will give up their arms,
  Who neither fear death nor the grave.

We 've planned for this siege with much skill,
  The men have been trained for the fight;
They 'll never give up, nor retreat,
  They know they are fighting for right.

The fort must be razed to the ground;
  Too many imprisoned are there—
Too many hearts broken and crushed
  In fort of the Giant Despair.

FORT DESPAIR

Our battering-rams are of love,
  The powder and shells are of joy,
Provisioned we are with sweet peace;
  Our currency hath no alloy.

Our army will never need rest,
  Our soldiers will never need sleep,
They always are happy and fresh,
  And never know misery deep.

They 've courage and strength for the work,
  They never will show flag of truce.
Determined are they to take fort,
  Will take it by fighting or ruse.

The flag of the fort will soon fall,
  The inmates be rescued from death.
The fort of Despair cannot stand,
  Though take we the barracks by stealth.

FORT DESPAIR

A fort we will build in its place,—
  Forever and aye will it stand.
We 'll build of the hopes of mankind,
  Despair no more known in the land.

Despair is too weak for our race
  And never its flag will more float
On turrets so high, nor to breeze,
  And Demon Despair will not gloat

O'er broken and poor wasted lives,
  O'er sorrows too deep e'er to tell,
Our banner of peace shall now float;
  Despair sound no more its dread knell.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

Am I my brother's keeper?
  Responsible am I
For my weak brother's life-work?
  I see no reason why.
We are free moral agents—
  Our own work must be done;
Must fight life's hardest battles,
  E'er victory can be won.

Must guard our own dear fireside;
  Keep watch o'er our own fold,
Lest flock should stray and wander
  And perish lambs from cold.
By self must now be builded
  A wall before my door.
If I do well my own work,
  No time have I for more.

But, can ye not, my brother,
One stone put into place,
To help your weaker brother
Life's battles hard to face?
His step is slow and halting,
His head bowed down in grief,
He stumbles and he falters,—
Wilt thou not give relief?

Though not thy brother's keeper,
Canst thou not be his friend?
And pity his transgressions,
And help to him aye lend?
Thus you are ever laying
Foundation strong, secure,—
Thus you a wall are building
That ever will endure.

SPACE

On wings of light, now soar away
  Above, beyond the stars,
Unbounded space is everywhere;
  No cloud thy vision mars.

The finite mind can never grasp
  Infinitude of space,—
There is no boundary-line to it—
  Canst man on parchment trace

All worlds, all suns, all planets grand,
  Or know the Power that wills,
That reigns supreme; that never fails,
  That all his being thrills?

Unbounded space. Canst grasp the thought?
  O man! well mayst thou shrink!
Look up, look out,—why art thou blind?
  Of space thou darest not think.

SHIPWRECKED

We 're tossed upon the Sea of Life,
And stranded on its shore,
We 're shipwrecked by the winds that blow,
That blow for evermore.
The waves of sorrow and of grief
Have lashed our ship and swept its decks,
Dismantled are its masts for aye,
The shore-line hidden is by wrecks
Of mislaid plans, of misplaced love,
Engulfed is every hope,
Fiends seem to hover round our path,
In darkness we must grope,
When lo! a light is seen ahead,
Sweet hope fills heart once more,
The Pilot, God, sees our distress,
And guides us to the shore.

TRUTH'S TORCH

Bearers of Truth's torch be ever—
  Wave it over every land,
Bear it to remotest regions,
  Hold it ever as a wand.

Light the torch with wisdom always,
  Ever keep the torch ablaze;
Feed it ever with Love's message,
  Fit, it then for angel's gaze.

Faith is strong, but Truth is mighty,
  And should ever hold full sway.
Truth will bear the brightest search-light,
  And ought ever with us stay.

For not sand is Truth's foundation;
  It is built upon a rock,
It hath stood throughout the ages,
  And can bear the strongest shock.

TRUTH'S TORCH

Chains of error and strong shackles
  Ne'er can bind the Truth to earth,
It will rise above conditions;
  Every day hath Truth new birth.

Of the Truth then be ye bearers—
  Never let its light grow dim,
Feed it e'er with love and wisdom,
  Banish far deceit so grim.

Dark should torch of Truth be never,
  For it burns with love divine.
Light it should all people, nations,
  In our hearts should be its shrine.

"A LAW UNTO THYSELF"

Be to thyself a perfect law,
  Be guided by thy soul,
Not master make of any man,
  Thy name must thou enroll

Upon the archives of thy land,
  As monarch of thyself,
As free as bird thy spirit be,
  Nor bow ye down to pelf.

Go win a place of honor high,
  And hold it fast when won,
Let justice dwell within thy heart,
  Be written thereupon.

And on the tablets of thy life—
  Erased they ne'er will be;
As every battle for the right,
  Is for eternity.

"A LAW UNTO THYSELF"

There 's naught on earth so noble, grand,
As man with self-respect.
He bows not down beneath a yoke,
But ever stands erect.

He knows that freedom is his right,
And only bows to laws
Of nature, and of nature's God;
With these he never wars.

Thy heritage, O noble man!
Was given thee by God.
Created thee, for noble work—
With wisdom thou art shod.

Then bear each cross that comes to thee,
Let nothing crush thee down;
Too heavy if the cross may seem,
Above, you see your crown.

And when the cross shall lifted be,
You 'll stand, O man! erect,
A law unto thyself for aye,
This law did God elect.

HOME

A perfect home is heaven's door,
  Its built of loving deeds,
No angry frown nor biting word
  Will sow discordant seeds.

No selfish wish nor cruel act,
  Will in this home be found.
No thought of self will have a place,
  For each to each is bound
By ties of love so pure indeed,
  So helpful, so serene;
That door seems portal of high heav'n,
  Rich treasures there are seen

Oh! joyous home, when built of love—
  Foundation of esteem.
The walls are raised from happiness,
  With love the windows gleam.
This home will stand for aye on earth
  And through eternity,
For God and angels hold the lease—
  The rent is sanctity.

THE PEACE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

Away from turmoil and from strife—
  At peace with all.
A light celestial fills my heart;
  On God I call.

A silver thread runs through my life—
  So bright it is;
Not tarnished it by gloom nor hate,
  My soul is His.

Sweet flowers of love with joy I cull
  From every grief;
Though watered by my tears, I know
  Will come relief.

The sun doth shine on mountain high,
  Though dark the vale.
Above the clouds I 'll live for aye,
  Will not bewail.

THE PEACE THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDING

Though cares and sorrows e'er must come,
Though heart be rent,
I know that God will give me strength,
When mine is spent.

I 'll scatter sunshine everywhere,
Make glad some heart;
Dispelling gloom, thus causing smiles
To do their part.

When death shall come, as come it will,
No dread have I.
In peace I'll close my eyes to earth,
Nor fear to die.

I have a "home not made by hands,"—
Death gives the lease.
I 've paid the rent in loving deeds,
Thus gaining peace.

FREE MORAL AGENTS WE

Born into earth conditions,
  Free moral agents are.
Mistakes we make forever,
  Which will in life debar
Us often from rare pleasures,
  And often lead to sin.
Yet thank we God for freedom,
  For right at last will win.

We oft are made unhappy
  Through ignorance of law,
Which we do all break daily,
  Which makes of life e'er war.
We helped are in our life work,
  But watchful we must be,
And read we well Life's lessons,
  And Nature's laws keep we.

FREE MORAL AGENTS WE

Though struggle we most bravely,
  We never seem to learn
To govern Earth's strong forces;
  And hearts will ever yearn
To peer the future into,
  To see what is beyond—
Are ever, ever seeking,
  To know what is the bond

Twixt matter, soul, and spirit,
  From whence all life hath sprung.
When they are rent in sunder,
  Hath soul and spirit tongue
To sing the song of ages,
  And bring to all mankind,
The mystery of creation,
  And soul to spirit bind?

FREE MORAL AGENTS WE

From whence came man, and wherefore?
And hence where goeth he?
Or sleepeth he forever
Through all eternity?
Can man these questions answer
Of matter, spirit, soul?
Is governed he by forces,
Above, beyond control?

If so, what is man's freedom?
He cannot of it boast.
If struggling ever blindly
In warfare with a host
Of forces which will govern
His every act and thought,
Is man free moral agent,
And what by him is wrought?

NO LIMIT

To thought there is no limit,
  To life there is no end,
To all of Nature's forces
  Mankind must ever bend.

To space there is no limit,
  Above, about, around
Is filled with life all glorious;
  Space teems with life and sound.

No limit to creation,
  It ever onward goes.
No limit to Infinity;
  E'er into souls it flows.

No limit to progression;
  Bequeathed it was to man—
A thought from God Almighty,
  Before the world began.

NO LIMIT

And God, the great Creator
  Of order, life, and soul,
Had not beginning ever,
  He is of life the whole.

No limit to intelligence;
  Its power who ever knows?
All Nature teems with knowledge,
  And to all things it flows.

No limit hath the future—
  No limit had the past.
For Nature and its forces
  In mold was never cast.

She fights with us life's battles—
  Helps us to win the strife,
And better our conditions,
  For conflict is all life.

Almighty are the forces
  Which rush so madly on,
They all fulfill God's mandates;
  By them is Cosmos won.

SOUL AND SPIRIT

Are soul and spirit one?
I ask with reverence deep.
What part of man their home?
Do they e'er rest or sleep?

The spirit guides the soul;
The soul doth spirit teach
Its work while here on earth;
Joined ever each to each.

The soul immortal is,
The spirit lives for aye.
They dwell e'er side by side,
In harmony alway.

The spirit, body, soul,
Form Trinity Divine.
The soul the body builds,
The spirit lights the shrine.

"A GRAIN OF SAND CAN DEFY ALL THE GODS"

Creating but one grain of sand—
  Creating but one earth,
Creating but one glorious sun,
  And causing but one birth,
Takes years so many;—lose must we
  The power to count or think,
Our brain seems dazed, and all too weak—
  We from the thought must shrink.

The earth a thought was from one God—
  A tiny seed this thought;
Was planted in immensity—
  In God, the seed was wrought,
Forever God is sowing seeds,
  Creating worlds for aye,
And tossing them far into space;
  Yet they His will obey.

"A GRAIN OF SAND CAN DEFY ALL THE GODS"

Dost know where space begins or ends?
  Or what is grain of sand?
"Canst thou, by searching, find out God?"
  Though thou art in His hand.
No power hast thou within thyself.
  Thou art but little more
Than grain of sand or tiny wave
  Thrown up on Life's bleak shore.

O man! O world! O grain of sand!
  From what hast thou been wrought?
Wilt thou dissolve, be lost in space?
  In future what thy lot?
Stupendous thought! We cannot grasp,
  Nor it one moment keep.
We shipwrecked are upon Life's shoals—
  Naught left us but to weep.

NO REASON HAVE WE TO COMPLAIN

If in our short life, while here on earth,
There 's less of bright sunshine than rain,
The brightness we 'll take with thankfulness;
No reason have we to complain.

If sŏrrow and grief seems now our lot,
Unhappiness ever, and pain,
Our lot we must bear, and try to smile;
No reason have we to complain.

Take wings should our wealth and fly away,
And burdens most hard on us lain,
We ever must think of others' woes;
No reason have we to complain.

My trusted dear friends—where are they now?
I search for them ever in vain;
Alone though I 'm left battling with life,
No reason have I to complain.

NO REASON HAVE WE TO COMPLAIN

The burdens of life I 'll take up now,
  But never my heart will they stain.
If sorrows of earth fit me for heaven,
  No reason have I to complain.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE IS PERFECT

Oh, take this pansy blossom,
  And study well its face;
Dost thou not feel its power?
  Canst thou not sense a trace
Of spirit life all joyous?
  Canst thou not feel the soul,—
The soul that is within it,—
  The power which doth control?

All life hath joy in living,
  And soul may be its dower.
You wound the heart of parent
  When pluck you tiny flower.
The wound is healed by nature,
  Not broken is a heart.
The flower may grace your corsage,
  One moment do its part,—

Then fade perhaps in anguish,
  Its home is not your breast,
'T was plucked by hand most ruthless;
  Its mother's home was best.
A link doth bind all nature.
  Who knoweth its strong power?
Life closely is united,
  E'en man to smallest flower.

O'er all is God the Father,
  Each link helps form the chain,
"Not even sparrow falleth,"
  Nor flower bloom in vain.
In earth-life or in heaven
  We never can be free;
The chain cannot be broken
  Through all eternity.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE IS PERFECT

O man! take home this lesson;
Great truths in it you'll find.
You 're bound by laws the strongest;
They ever will you bind.
For God the chain hath welded;
Upon it placed His seal.
Each link of chain is endless,
And joined are, for man's weal.

LOVE'S PLEA

Why wilt thou leave me, O my love?
  Abide with me, abide with me,
E'en shouldst thou gain bright realms above,
  E'en though we meet by crystal sea.

I want thee now, I love thee so.
  Oh, stay with me! Oh, stay with me!
Dear sweetheart, leave me not, I pray.
  Thou must not die! It cannot be!

Our love had birth in Paradise,
  And pure it is, all free from guile;
No taint hath it of earthly vice,
  And naught in it which doth defile.

Abide with me! Abide with me!
  My love, my bride, why wilt thou go?
Though Death doth woo and marry thee,
  It must thee grieve to see my woe.

I know thou art too pure for earth,
  That "Death doth love a shining mark."
In heaven again thou wilt have birth,
  But I am left in world so dark.

"THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH WILL GUIDE YOU INTO ALL TRUTH"

"The spirit of Truth will e'er guide you,"—
  Will guide you forever and aye,
If follow you will in her footsteps,
  And all of her teachings obey.

In Truth you will never find error,—
  No obstacle there you will meet.
Transgressing her laws, you will stumble;
  All error doth fall at her feet.

The spirit of Truth is ennobling,—
  Her presence is ever most pure.
She never the law has offended;
  Her precepts forever endure.

Sweet Truth is a queen proud and mighty—
  Her throne is in heaven above.
From East to far West is her empire;
  Her scepter is ever pure love.

"THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH WILL GUIDE YOU"

Bow down then to Truth, all the nations,
And tribute to her ever bring;
Lay down all your arms in submission,
Sweet anthems to Truth ever sing.

REINCARNATION

How strangely familiar all that I see,
The swift-running brook, the wide-spreading tree;
The songs of the birds which now I adore
I feel I have heard in ages before.

Canst be that I 've lived on earth in the past?
With thought so stupendous stand I aghast.
These scenes are not new, nor either my life,
With all of its struggles, all of its strife.

If from the dim past I 've come to this earth—
And brought nothing new, what use is rebirth?
Past memories haunt me, few of them sweet,
As walking this earth again I them meet.

If lived I in past, had life before this,—
A failure it was, with little of bliss.
And shall I e'er travel, ever and on,
In ages to come, as in ages long gone?

REINCARNATION

O spare me, my God! I cannot this bear—
The thought is appalling! I will not e'en dare
To hold this dark dream; it burdens my soul
To think that this earth shall again be my goal.

What good was past life if nothing was wrought?
Grand lessons in past should I have been taught.
The future what boots it, living e'er on,
If past hath not helped me, battles been won.

If future hath nothing better than past,
I 'm ready for death; aside I will cast
This strong endless chain which never will break,
So binding its links, no new ones we make.

E'er coming and going—never at rest,—
E'er struggling for life,—is this our behest?
E'er fighting hard battles, ever at war,—
Conditions so hard,—is this a just law?

Forever and aye no rest for my soul,
Struggling e'er on, ne'er reaching my goal.
I cannot believe this, though oft in my sleep,
For seeming past griefs, I bitterly weep.

REINCARNATION

If dreary grim phantom ever my past,—
A will-o'-the-wisp which o'er me was cast,—
For future bright life I never can hope;
With problem so drear I wish not to cope.

I wish to go on, retrace ne'er my steps.
E'er rising, progressing out of the depths,
The stars I will soar to, high is my goal;
E'er onward for aye the race of my soul.

I ask not to tarry, nor rest by the way;
I 'm working for soul-growth ever and aye.
At last I will gain my spirit's fond dream;
I soar e'en to heaven—of it catch a gleam.

And God I will reach,—His kingdom my home—
And when I shall gain the apex, His dome,
I 'll come not to earth. Absorbed in His love,
Contented I 'll be; and happy above.

LOST ENDEAVOR

We try to do a kindness,
  To make some poor heart glad;
To do our every duty—
  Give joy to some life sad.

We try to do our life-work,
  Whatever it may be,
Though blindly press we forward,
  Though falling ever we.

In path are many pitfalls,
  And brambles by the way;
Our feet are bruised and bleeding—
  For rest we ever pray.

We struggle onward, onward,
  Endeavoring to do right;
But growing weaker daily,
  We fail to gain the light.

LOST ENDEAVOR

Too heavy are our burdens;
We sink beneath the cross.
'T is ever Lost Endeavor,—
Too weak are we to cross

The bridge that is before us,
Though knowing well do we
There 's rest across the river,—
Bright sunlight we can see.

Life's billows now wash o'er us,
No hand is near to save.
Endeavor is our coffin,
Endeavor is our grave.

LITTLE THINGS

It is a pansy blossom,—
'Tis but a little flower.
It is a breath of fragrance,
Which seems from heav'n to shower.

It is a little kindness,—
It cheers us on our way.
'T is but a gentle welcome—
It happy makes our stay.

It is a little tear-drop,
So quickly wiped away;
We may not know what caused it,
But we may it allay.

It is a peal of laughter,—
Yet grief lurks in the heart.
Though from us deeply hidden,
It is of life chief part.

LITTLE THINGS

'T is but a little token,—
  But pure the love that gave;
It is to us a mascot;
  From evil it will save.

It is a little cottage,—
  But Love peeps in at door,
And lights up all the corners
  And covers naked floor.

It is a little shadow,—
  It darkens all the room.
It is an evil presence,
  Which fills all space with gloom.

It is a little slander,—
  It travels ever on;
By it a heart is broken,
  All peace forever gone.

LITTLE THINGS

It is a word so gentle
  That Vice stops on its way
And listens to its pleading,
  And tarries e'en to pray.

It is a little tombstone
  That stands at head of mound.
Beneath the pure white marble,
  Beneath the cold, cold ground

There is a little coffin;
  In it a child doth sleep;
In it all hope is buried.
  From joy, we tears must reap.

'T is but a rose most fragrant,
  In humble garden born,
But clothed it is with splendor,
  And hidden is the thorn.

LITTLE THINGS

From little flowers most humble
The bee doth gather sweet.
From little things most lowly
The purest joys we meet.

Then scorn ye not the little things,
For life is made from them.
'T is not the largest diamond
That is the purest gem.

THE MUMMY'S APPEAL

I lived in a long-gone century,
I lived and I loved as mankind;
I died, was embalmed by retainers,
In finest white linen entwined.

I slept in the land of ancestors,
Entombed in sarcophagus grand;
To-day should be there but for vandals,
But now on my brow is a brand

Of shame, where once diadem rested,
A crown set with jewels most rare;
My robes were encrusted with diamonds,
And rubies entwined in my hair.

My lineal descent was from monarchs,
And serfs ever bowed at my feet;
None dared to dispute my commanding,
And kings with respect did me greet.

THE MUMMY'S APPEAL

My word was a law unto nations,
And my kingdom was sought by the great;
My consort bowed down in submission,
And humbly e'er on me did wait.

But now how the mighty hath fallen!
I 'm gazed at by vulgar and low.
Respect I have not, but derision;
In truth, I am now but a show.

Oh, carry me back to old Egypt!
I 'd rest now in tomb they me gave,
Or if that dear boon be denied me,
Content could I lie in a grave.

Though lowly, from gaze I'd be hidden—
From gaze of a curious crowd.
My person in past was most sacred
Oh! now from all eyes me enshroud.

THE MUMMY'S APPEAL

Once noble, I now am dishonored;
  But e'en though my spirit hath fled
From body that once was so reverenced,
  It still can look down on its bed,

And see the rude populace gazing
  With curious eyes, and strange words,
Derisively pointing at mummy,
  Whose shroud is e'en sacred that girds.

Oh, friends, take me back to old Egypt!
  In home once so dear let me rest.
I pray that ne'ermore will the vandal
  In tomb of a mummy make quest.

LIFE'S CHAIN

An endless chain is life—
  Its links were forged above.
Our destiny is fixed,
  Though ruled are we by love.

No link can weakened be
  And leave the chain as strong;
No deed however kind
  Can ever right a wrong.

The impress of a deed
  Can ne'er be washed away;
If act be good or ill,
  It will with us e'er stay,—

Will ever mar our lives,
  Or give us peace and joy,
Will crown our lives with flowers.
  Or fill them with alloy.

LIFE'S CHAIN

O life, with all its tears!
  O life, with all its pain!
Though struggling ever on,
  We cannot break the chain

That holds and welds all life,
  That holds and binds each one,
Uniting life to life,
  E'en though the tie we shun.

We try to hide mistakes,
  But weakened is life's chain,
Nor trusted can be link
  Which shows a mark or stain

Of rust or inborn sin.
  Corroded though by tears,
The chain will weakened be
  And break in after years.

L. of C.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL

By the fireside sat my mother
With her knitting-work in hands.
In and out the needles dancing,
Seeming they love's tireless wands.

As she worked she sang some ditty,
Or she crooned a cradle rhyme.
Painted was this sweet home picture
On the wall in long-gone time.

Turning over memory's tablets,
Many pictures fair I see;
Also shadows in the distance
Time, the artist, shows to me.

First, my mother by the fireside.
Seeing it I often weep.
On my heart is picture painted,
And with love I it shall keep.

PICTURES ON MEMORY'S WALL

Photographed by tears, another,—
  Patient mother—work all done—
Heard these words—"Thou faithful servant"—
  Come, sweet soul, to rest you 've won.

O the picture of my mother!
  On its surface not one stain.
When all else on earth has vanished,
  Mother's picture will remain.

THE COQUETTE FLOWER

To Mother Earth was given seed,
In bosom dark it lay;
A rain-drop fell, the earth it drank,
The Sun peeped in next day.
He said to seed, "Drive out the germ
That lies thy heart within.
Send up a stem, put forth a bud,
Your work of life begin."

The voice was heard; an answer came,
The seed sprang into life.
The germ burst forth; it pushed the stem,
And so began the strife.
The Sun again looked down and smiled,
A dew-drop passing by
Stopped now to see a life begun,
And tarried—ask you why?

THE COQUETTE FLOWER

Because Life's mystery was here,
It used its wiles to woo.
A leaf was born to nurse the bud,
Which 'gan its journey too.
The bud began its toilsome march.
The sun, the rain, the dew,
All sought to win the heart of bud,
All promised to be true.

The sunbeam bright made speech to bud,
"Unfold thee now, a flower,"
The bud obeyed the sunbeam's words;
On all did perfume shower.
The rain, the dew, the sunbeam warm,
All loved the blossom bright;
With love-lit eyes she gazed on all,
Seemed filled with love's delight.

THE COQUETTE FLOWER

Another sunbeam came that way,
  It kissed the flower's cheek.
She blushed beneath his ardent gaze,
  And for his love did seek.
But not alone for his love sought,
  For coquette was the flower.
She gave her troth to dew and rain,
  But dwelt in sun-god's bower.

A rain-drop fell within her heart,
  A dew-drop touched her cheek,
A sunbeam kissed her rosy lips,—
  All for her love did speak.
She smiled on one, another gave
  A breath of perfume rare,
To one she promised all her love,—
  Thus all she did ensnare.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND; KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU"

If we knock at the portal of knowledge,
  Wide open will fly the strong door.
If we drink from the fountain of wisdom,
  We thirst for its waters e'ermore.
If we seek in the storehouse of Nature,
  Most lavish she is to us all;
For no niggard is she with her blessings,
  When earnestly on her we call.

She throws open her treasure-house ever—
  Invites us to take all we want.
If we come from her vaults empty-handed,
  Our poverty will us aye haunt.
But the more we do take from her riches,
  The more she is ready to give.
We may choose from her gems e'en the rarest,
  Sweet Nature doth ever forgive.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"

For most generous hostess is Nature,
She gives with a bounteous hand;
But we never impoverish her coffers,—
She gathers from every land.
Be ye never then weary in seeking—
Fear not that your knock is too loud;
For the door will be unto you opened,
No frown will your welcome enshroud.

Though we dig in the depths of earth's bosom,
Though scale we the high mountain's crest,
Though we dive beneath ocean's dark billows,
Each treasure we find seems the best.
If we delve in the storehouse of knowledge—
We learn something new every day.
Though we seek in the mountains of India,
New truths we are finding alway.

"SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND"

E'en among the low tribes of the nations,—
'Mong even the cannibal race,—
We may sometime find rich hidden treasures
That will not high culture disgrace.
Knock ye then at remotest closed doorways,
And seek ye at portals though shut;
They will open straightway to truth-seekers.
You e'en may find pearls in a hut.

"GATHERING OF THE SHEAVES"

A pure, new book I give to thee;
Unsullied are its leaves.
The title of the book I give
Is "Gathering of the Sheaves."

Last summer's store I care not for;
No grain is in the sheaf;
'T is worthless straw, thrashed o'er and o'er,
Like soiled and tattered leaf.

The harvest ready is for scythe,
Have you sowed tares or wheat?
Have you enriched the ground with thought?
For soon comes summer's heat.

And then you 'll need the rain of truth;
Oh, harrow well the soil!
The grain must not imperfect be
Or useless is your toil.

"GATHERING OF THE SHEAVES"

If you plant love, you peace will reap;
  Plant discord, you reap hate.
For scorching blasts, and furious storms,
  Will ne'er in life abate.

Cut leaves of book, and there you 'll find
  Each page unsullied, pure;
Choose well the lines you write therein,
  For they will e'er endure.

In future life you read this book,—
  'T is writ in fadeless ink.
Erased can ne'er be line nor word,
  Nor even what you think.

A chain most strong of words is formed;
  Nor broken can it be;
'T is welded by your every thought
  For all eternity.

Store well Life's sheaves, the grains of thought,—
  Your harvest will be good,
If sheaves are bound by ties of love,
  And evil you 've withstood.

THE NEW YEAR

With joy we greet the bright "New Year"—
Shed tears for year now gone.
Shed tears for all its dire mistakes,—
Are glad o'er victories won.

A lesson all the past should teach,
That we must watch alway
Our little sins, lest great they grow,
And fill us with dismay,

And break all laws till they become
The master, we the slave
To evil passions, selfish greed,
Till not but ill we crave.

New resolutions we may make;
But if we keep them not,
But little good will they e'er do,
But little good be wrought.

THE NEW YEAR

Oh, welcome we the coming months!
  Will give them hearty cheer.
We 'll bury all our past mistakes,
  In coffin of " Old Year."

THE BIRTH OF A STATE

Another child has Uncle Sam,—
  Was born from out the sea,—
A child of love and confidence;
  Her name is Hawaii.

The dusky child adopted is,—
  A waif sent U. S. A.,
The child was left at Sammy's door;
  He thought he 'd let it stay.

The child well pleased, now crowed and laughed,
  And waved our flag on high—
Its stripes unfurled o'er seagirt isle;
  Will live for it—and die.

For swaddling-clothes was giv'n the flag—
  The flag with colors three;
Most willing Uncle Sam that flag
  Should cover Hawaii.

But if too fast the children come,
  The flag must be enlarged.
Or stars be scattered o'er the stripes,
  Else children be discharged.

The nations all congratulate,
  And say that U. S. A.
Is father brave and mother kind
  To children who obey

The laws laid down by Uncle Sam,
  And on the archives writ,
And though these laws seem sometimes harsh,
  They every case will fit.

Unruly if these children are—
  Our laws they disobey—
Severely punished will they be
  By Uncle U. S. A.

Each nation true, may have a star,—
They need no longer wait;
For Uncle Sam most willing is
To add each year a State,

And share his stars and stripes with all
Who will allegiance swear,
Who worthy are to share his home,
And flag of freedom wear.

A SONG OF DAVID

"I will walk in mine integrity"—
Was a song that David sung.
You will find no grander words than these;
They have down the ages rung.

And can none gainsay his honesty,
When from his lips these words rang out,
"I will walk in mine integrity."
Thus he felt, no one can doubt.

"I will walk in mine integrity"—
Nor will fear the light of sun.
I will choose the way of right and truth
Till my race of life is run.

"I will walk in mine integrity,"
Nor will wrong I any one.
I will give to man his every right,
Thus, integrity be won.

DRIFTWOOD

We 're tossed upon the shores of time,
  As driftwood, from afar.
No thought of life,—its problems deep,
  Which leave on brain a scar.
So worn the wood, and also heart,
By waves of sea or thought,
That oft we sink beneath life's waves,
  Or by life's storms are caught.

We have not strength to stem the tide—
  For, buffeted by storms,
We 're dashed on shoals or thrown on rocks,
  With mangled, bleeding forms.
No life is in the bit of wood,
  And dead is every hope;
Our storm-tossed bark rides not the gale,
  No more with waves can cope.

Life's problems are too great, too deep –
  We know not whence we came,—
We dream not what our future is;
  Life seems an empty name.
If we should gain the highest place,
  Or if we fall to earth
Is world aught better since we came,—
  Made better by our birth?

Aye drifting we, by tide and wind,
  As useless bit of wood.
Though oft the storms of sea and life
  By us have been withstood.
The wood mayhap was from a ship
  That sank beneath dark wave—
Went down, to never rise again,
  A sepulcher, a grave

Of lives and hopes that once were sweet,
  But wrecked now on bleak shore,
Thrown up on beach, by winds that moan,
  That moan for evermore.
O restless life! O stranded ship!
  We cannot know thy fate;
Though builded by a master hand,
  A grave doth thee await.

"MY PEACE GIVE I UNTO YOU."

"My peace give I unto you" ever, —
The peace you have earned by your love
The peace that doth come from well-doing,
The peace that doth come from above.
This peace is beyond understanding,
So full of deep joy is it aye;
This peace you must work for untiring,
Then joy in your heart will e'er stay.

If living a life full of envy,
If living a life full of strife,
If sowing ye discord forever,
Can peace come into your life?
But sometimes it 's war that I send thee,
That fuller the peace be at last.
When war is for right, 'stead of glory,
All quarrels will be of the past.

"MY PEACE GIVE I UNTO YOU"

Forever and ever press onward,—
  Forever your soul should keep pace
With present vibrations of freedom,—
  You all of life's problems must face.
My peace will I give to thee ever—
  But only the peace that you earn
By doing the will of the Father,—
  His laws, ever just, you must learn.

THE LAND OF SOMEWHERE

In that happy land called Somewhere
  Are high honors ever waiting,
Fame, and riches too, most tempting;
  But these gifts seem not for me.

I will seek this land alluring,
  Though I have no chart nor compass,
Even though my ship be foundered,
  Lost for aye on Somewhere Sea.

For my love is there awaiting—
  In this land of promise, waiting;
Ever faithful, ever loving;
  Ever blindly seeking me.

Patiently is she e'er watching
  For my coming, never doubting,
E'er inviting, e'er enticing
  To her home by Somewhere Sea.

DOST THOU KNOW?

Dost thou know what is the secret—
  What the secret of all life?
Whence it came, and where it goeth,
  When began the first fierce strife
To send forth the tiny atom?
  Had the atom soul or mind?
Was it man, or beast, or reptile?
  How its mate did first it find?

Man can never learn a language
  Strong enough to break the chains
And express the thought of nature.
  How it holds, when first it gains
All the rays of sunshine needed—
  And the food it takes from earth—
All the dew-drops that hath nourished
  Tiny fronds from their first birth.

DOST THOU KNOW?

Life divine! O life eternal!
Man can not translate the thought.
Strong the chain that God hath welded;
Link on link hath chain been wrought.
Fabric new each day is woven,
Woven it on God's own loom.
We the threads can ne'er unravel,
Hidden they in Nature's womb.

Though forever we 're progressing,
We shall never reach the end.
For who knoweth life's beginning?
Ever onward is the trend.
Ever onward, ever upward;
But too grand is this for speech.
Life eternal—never ending—
This too deep for thought to reach.

DOST THOU KNOW?

We can ne'er unlock this myst'ry!
  We have not the golden key;
God, the maker, hath it hidden,
  Hidden it from me and thee.
And this key is sacred, holy,—
  God, the lock holds in His hand,—
Holds it even from His angels.
  None the lock can understand.

HEART-YEARNINGS

We hear a strain of music sweet—
  A symphony of by-gone years—
A sad refrain, which causeth us
  To ofttimes shed most bitter tears.

A song we hear; its every word
  Doth bring to mind a long-past time,
A boyish love, a childish grief,
  A fragrant breath from sunny clime.

A rippling laugh comes floating in,—
  'Tis born in heart of happy child.
We catch its joyous notes of glee,
  An echo seems, of song-bird wild.

A sob we hear, see tear-stained face;
  The world seems now with anguish filled.
A cloud obscures the sun's bright rays,—
  Can yearnings of the heart be stilled?

HEART-YEARNINGS

We sense the perfume of a flower—
  In heart this fragrance long hath been;
And only waited angel's touch
  Its incense sweet for us to win.

A passing breath of summer wind,
  The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar,
All speak to us of childhood's hours
  And happy home in days of yore.

O happy childhood! blessed youth!
  But once we know thy potent power;
But once we live all careless free;
  No cross to mar our love-lit bower.

THE SUN-WORSHIPERS

O Sun! our father, mother, friend!
  Creator of the universe.
In thee all life hath had its birth,
  From thee no child receives a curse.

The flowers from thy loving heart
  Sprang into life and into bloom;
The rivers had their source in thee,—
  E'en night, with all her gruesome gloom.

All beasts and birds can speak of thee
  As loving child of parent should.
The clouds, the storms, all energy
  Have by thy side in love once stood.

The forests grand, the desert wastes,
  The insects, reptiles, also man,
To thee can chant a hymn of praise
  In thee they live, they first began.

Thy power can none gainsay, dispute.
  Thy first and strongest child was fire.
We worship it in deepest awe,
  And to its throne we will aspire.

The earth then next was born to thee,—
  Thou gazed on it with parent's pride,
And also with a parent's love—
  By it thou ever wilt abide.

Rich gifts hast thou bestowed on it,
  With gems most rare its bosom filled,
Gave mountain crowns for it to wear,
  Its seas and oceans thou hast willed.

And then to man, thy best-loved child,
  Dominion over all, you gave.
Thou gav'st him mind; thou gav'st him love;
  Best gift of all, thou gav'st the grave.

THE SUN-WORSHIPERS

We worship thee, O Sun! our God!
  We bow our heads in reverence deep.
We know that thou dost love thy child—
  E'en blessing 't is that he can weep.

For tears refresh the broken heart—
  They moisten e'er the arid soil;
Bright smiles oft spring from tear-dimmed eyes,
  And in them love again will coil.

BABY'S SHOE

A baby's shoe, with heel run down,
And toe worn through and through,
The buttons off—most shabby it,—
But, 't is my baby's shoe.

The impress of her chubby foot
Is photographed thereon.
I seem to hear her toddling steps,
Though she has long been gone.

The little shoe is stored away
Beside a tiny gown;
A faded ribbon is there too,
Inside the shoe so brown.

A broken doll, a withered flower,
A cap, with signs of wear,
A little shirt, a little skirt
And lock of yellow hair.

A broken heart is also there—
  In locked-up drawer so drear,
With scent of rose-leaves from the grave
  Of baby girl so dear.

I seem to hear her laugh and coo;
  I feel her fragrant breath.
I feel her kisses on my cheek,
  Though lips are cold in death.

My romping, laughing, happy girl,—
  A fairy child was she.
A wand was waived by angel hand,
  My child left home and me.

BABY'S SHOE

Left home and me all desolate,—
  Naught left but memory sweet
Of baby's laugh, of baby's kiss,
  Of baby's toddling feet.

A stillness now as of the grave
  Must evermore be borne.
With tear-wet eyes, I often look
  At tiny shoe so worn.

BABY'S DREAM

My angel mother, bending low,
With soft and downy wings,
Is pressing kisses on my lips,—
A lullaby she sings.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! mother 's near,
To soothe thy every fear,
Bring sweet dreams into thy sleep,
And wipe away each tear.

Thy angel mother will thee guard,
And e'er thy steps will guide,—
Will teach thee in all walks of life,
With thee will aye abide.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! shut your eyes—
There's nectar in my kiss.
Angel food to thee I'll give,
Bring unto you all bliss.

Thy angel mother knows full well
The needs of baby dear;
Will give whate'er is best for it,
Though earthly mother fear.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! shut your eyes—
I'll kiss your eyelids down.
Loving hands will cover you,
Give smiles, but ne'er a frown.

Thy angel mother knows what 's best
For baby while on earth.
Thy guardian angel loves her child;
She came at baby's birth.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! angel child—
I'll take thee now on high;
Winds are cold, the earth is drear,
And trouble aye is nigh.

Thy angel mother will thee wrap
In heavenly garments bright.
Thy body now is laid in earth,
Thy spirit takes its flight

BABY'S DREAM

Through azure clouds of heavenly blue,
No storms beset thy way,
For angel hands will hold thee up,
And be with thee alway.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! In my arms,
No more you 'll suffer pain.
Never more will trouble know,
No tears your cheeks will stain.

O earthly mother, do not grieve—
For baby do not weep.
Escaped hath she all earthly ills,—
She in my arms doth sleep.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! heaven's child,
Go back to earth to-day;
Whisper words of love and peace
To mother, while you stay.

Now, earthly mother, loose your arms,
Return the babe to me.
I saw the troubles she must bear,
If staid on earth with thee.

Chorus: By-lo-baby! leave the earth—
Return to me again.
Cheered you have thy mother now,
Have eased her heart's deep pain.

ON FINDING A BIT OF PENCIL

'T is but a little pencil,
  A tiny bit of wood,
But who its power can fathom
  For evil or for good?
Mayhap a heart was broken,
  A life by it made sad;
With it were words once written
  Which made a poor heart glad.

So many lives may changed be
  By this small bit of wood,
Some life perhaps made better
  Temptation hath withstood;
Was traced a tender message
  With it, long years ago,—
Forgiveness to another,
  Who once was bitterest foe.

ON FINDING A BIT OF PENCIL

Then keep this little pencil,
  And treasure it for aye;
Again it may do service,
  And cast a brighter ray
Upon some life all gloomy,
  Upon some sorrowing one.
With it was message written
  By which a heart was won.

WORK IS HONORABLE

We 'll join the throng of workers;
  Bread-winners we will be
Not drones on earth be longer.
  There 's work for thee and me.

All nature e'er is struggling,—
  E'en flowers must work to live;
They gather up the sunbeams,
  To us their fragrance give.

And e'en the smallest insect—
  Not seen by mortal eyes—
Toils hard for all its nurture,
  And struggles till it dies.

We may not solve the problem
  While here on earth we live,
That we must ever labor—
  That God doth nothing give.

WORK IS HONORABLE

Perhaps the reason some time
  Will be to us made plain,
That every earth experience
  Has been to us some gain.

Our work will make us happy,
  If we but understand
That for our good 't is needed—
  Debased not toiler's hand.

So join we now the workers,
  And labor with a will,
With cheer will do God's bidding,
  Grind on in Nature's mill.

TAHITI

Tahiti fair is Heaven's own land—
  A paradise on earth.
No poisonous flower there ever grows,
  No reptile there hath birth.

This fairy land is girded round
  By reef of coral white.
'T was made by God's own architects
  Who labor day and night.

And on this lovely island bright
  E'en bread on trees doth grow.
There are no biting winds nor frosts,
  No chilling blasts nor snow.

O peaceful isle! so far away
  From turmoil and all strife.
Thy people live on thee, fair isle,
  A happy, dreamy life.

No jealous thoughts seem e'er to blast
  Their hearts so calm, serene.
On " Eden's Isle " they live and die,
  This island ever green.

Couldst man e'er wish for more on earth?
  Is 't not enough to live
With not a care, in simple ease,
  No curse to children give?

O Isle Tahiti! wouldst that I
  Beneath thy trees might'st rest!
Couldst live and dream my life away
  On thy fair, peaceful breast.

A LETTER

A letter, sent out the ocean across,
Seemed little its import, little its loss.
But hearts are made sad by this letter so small—
Made desolate a home, and its inmates all
Are scattered abroad in poverty great,
Love banished from home, but cherished is Hate.

The paper once pure—not even a line
Its beauty did mar—becomes now a shrine
Where tears are oft shed o'er sorrow so deep,—
A grave, as it were, where loved ones do weep.
O letter! hadst thou but known the distress
Thy coming wouldst cause,—that none wouldst thou bless,—
Methinks thou hadst burned to ashes in grief,
Not robbed thou a fireside, entering as thief.
If joy couldst not bring, be lost in the deep;
If couldst not bring smiles, wouldst cause none to weep.

TIME'S RAVAGES

Time's finger, with relentless power,
Doth furrow lines of care on brow;
With seeming malice frosts the hair,
With weight of years the form doth bow.

He takes from mind its keenest wit,
Makes dull the eye once shining bright,
From mem'ry takes its richest stores
Makes heavy step which once was light.

The heart makes sad which once was gay,
The senses dulled; e'en hope doth sleep;
The brightest mind grows dark in time;
Age for the past can only weep.

By hearthstone warm age loves to sit;
The world gives little pleasure now.
A retrospective book age cons,
Each page doth he with past endow.

TIME'S RAVAGES

The clock may stop, but Time goes on,
  Regardless of man's hopes and fears;
And cares he not if face of man
  Is wreathed in smiles or stained by tears.

Time ever mocks all youthful hopes;
  He laughs at every plan youth makes;
He buries fame and honor deep
  In grave of hope—too late youth wakes.

We grasp at Time, but cannot hold
  One minute of his treasured hour;
He tarries not, though oft we pray
  That he will rest in youth's bright bower.

CATCH THE SUNSHINE

If a little beam of sunshine
  E'er comes in at casement small
And doth light up all the crannies,
  Thou with joy accept it all.
For to-morrow may be cloudy,
  All enveloped be in gloom,
Rain be on thy pathway falling,
  Shadows dark be in thy room.

Catch and hold the beams of sunshine,—
  Store them deep within thy heart.
You will find them not too plenty;
  Storms in life form greater part.
Garner, then, all beams of sunlight
  That around thy path may fall;
For too oft are clouds o'erhanging
  And too oft is funeral pall.

SHADOWS

Dimmed are mine eyes by sorrow and age,
  And nothing seems clear as in youth.
Grasping at shadows ever I am,
  And shadows seem real as truth.

Seeing on floor a shadow one day,
  A shadow as black as the night,
Quickly I stooped the shadow to grasp,
  As quickly it vanished from sight.

Filled may be bowl with sorrow and grief,—
  Put forth not your hand for the cup.
Stand you in sunshine, not in the shade;
  No shadow then can you pick up.

Shadow ne'er cast o'er life of your friend;
  Send sunshine to heart of your foe.
Needed is light to brighten the heart:
  Small ray will great shadows o'erthrow.

SHADOWS

Stoop not to earth with burdens of grief;
Erect you must stand, facing your woe.
Sunlight of love e'er flash over all;
Then friend you will make of your foe.

Often we bend some shadow to grasp,—
The shadow we might have made bright.
Catching the sunshine, scattering its beams,
Deep darkness will flee before light.

Searching forever if we are for gloom,
So many dark shadows we'll find;
Sometime e'en then bright ray we will see,
For God to His children is kind.

"GO IN PEACE, SIN NO MORE"

Never more will I condemn thee,—
  Sister, go ye now in peace.
Sin thou not no more forever,—
  Go! Thy soul from sin release.
Never more will I condemn thee,—
  Thy temptations were too strong;
Thou too weak wast to resist them,
  Couldst not overcome the wrong.

Never more will I condemn thee,—
  Born thou wast in deepest sin.
Parents evil didst bequeath thee,
  And with sin thou e'er hast been.
Never more will I condemn thee;
  Direst want hath been thy lot;
Thou hast ever struggled, sister,—
  Nothing for thee hath been wrought.

"GO IN PEACE, SIN NO MORE"

Never more will I condemn thee,
  Fallen though thou hast by way;
Others gave to thee example;
  Thou didst not high law obey.
Never more will I condemn thee;
  Evil was thy mother's life.
Sin, gave father for a pension,—
  Born and bred thou wast in strife.

Never more will I condemn thee.
  What, dear sister, hast thou done?
Broken thou the laws of being;
  Evil why wilt thou not shun?
Though enticed thou art to evil,
  Shun it why wilt never thou?
Purer life, oh, live in future!
  Sister, to the right now bow.

"GO IN PEACE, SIN NO MORE"

" Though your sins should be as scarlet,'
You need not abandon hope.
Now begin a life more righteous,
And in darkness do not grope.
Thou wilt find thyself more able
Every day to conquer sin.
Stronger thou 'lt become, dear sister,
And o'er self wilt vict'ry win.

THE FUTURE OF YOUTH

In the future the sun is aye shining,
And no cloud is ever in sky.
There is never sad heart nor repining
In the joyous "sweet by-and-by."

There 's an angel of light in the future
Who is spreading her wings to protect,
Who is smiling on ever, ne'er weeping,—
And this angel doth ever elect

That no tears shall e'er fill up the measure,
And no dregs be ever in bowl,
That we drink from life's cup only pleasure,
And but peace be ever in soul.

When we come into youth's happy future,
All the visions of past are dispelled;
For we only can live in the present,—
And 't is well that some dreams are withheld.

DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF

Though your friends may believe quite contrary to
you,
Have discarded the old, and have chosen the new,
Though their methods of work unlike are to yours,
And perhaps to your thought are wearisome bores,—
Don't trouble yourself!

Though perchance e'en their tastes are loud and
bizarre,
And their choice of bright tints your senses will
jar,—
They may differ from you in politics, too,—
But, my friend, do not worry,—what can you do?
Don't trouble yourself!

You are living your life; your friend will live his,—
So you need not him question, do not him quiz.
You like better the sea; your friend likes the land;
You the mountains prefer, while he loves the strand.
But don't trouble yourself!

DON'T TROUBLE YOURSELF

You a Christian may be, your neighbor a Jew,
As devoted is he, and good quite as you.
If your friend is a Pagan, wonder you why;
You may fear he is lost, his views you decry,—
But don't trouble yourself!

Now all nature hath laws most just and divine;
On some part of the earth will sun always shine.
We believe in a God,—obey Him we must,
His commands try to keep, in Him put our trust,—
So don't trouble yourself!

That we die we all know, that spirit lives on;
Many battles we 've fought, not always have won.
In God's keeping are we,—He guides all our lives;
Though full oft we may sin, He with us still strives,—
So don't trouble yourself!

We will try, though we fail, God's laws to aye keep;
Though we stumble and fall, no need that we weep;
For at last, when we die, all things will be right,—
For just ruler is God, nor rules He by might,—
So don't trouble yourself.

THE TWO ROADS

Years have passed, but I remember
When, a dancing child of joy,
Not a care had I nor trouble;
In my life was no alloy.
Culling flowers of brilliant colors,
Ever strewn in pathway bright.
Never shadow then to darken,
All my life was purest light.

Soon the roads diverged before me;
Which to take I did not know.
One seemed filled with light and gladness,
One seemed dark and filled with woe.
Bright the flowers in my pathway,—
All the road seemed filled with light;
In the other weeds were growing;
Could I know which one was right?

THE TWO ROADS

As a child I loved all brightness,
  Now in youth I loved it more.
So I took not narrow pathway,
  With its shadows dark before.
Birds were singing sweetest love-songs
  In the tree-tops; 'mong the flowers
Butterflies were flitting ever,
  Making love in sunlit bowers.

All before me was enticing,—
  All was beauty, naught seemed wrong;
E'en the trees and flowers seemed singing,—
  All was melody and song.
So I chose the broadest roadway,
  Without fear my heart within,
Dancing ever, as in childhood;
  Never dreaming aught of sin.

THE TWO ROADS

Rugged soon my path and dreary;
Soon my feet sank deep in mire.
Ever down was pathway leading;
Other road led ever higher.
Trees exhaled a poisonous vapor,
And I heard the hiss of snake;
Tangled weeds my way were barring;
Other road I would now take.

Now is gleam of sunshine breaking,—
Just a ray shines through the clouds.
I will struggle hard to grasp it,
Ere the darkness all enshrouds.
I will strive to live all blameless,
Now will take the path to right;
Though it may be rough and thorny,
It doth ever lead to light.

Shun I will the way of pleasure,—
  It hath led to dire distress,—
Choose no more its bright allurements,
  For its joys will never bless.
Though the path to right seems gloomy,—
  Seemeth sometimes dark and drear,—
It is brighter at its ending,
  Causeth not one bitter tear.

LOVE'S MELODY

Out in the broad, broad universe
  Is loving heart attuned to mine;
No discord in the melody—
  For Love, the leader, is divine.

I strike a chord, and sweet, low notes
  Reverberate throughout the air—
Vibrations sending through all space;
  Discordant notes are never there,

For written they on heart of her
  Who is my love, my future bride;
E'en though we never meet on earth,
  In heaven with her I shall abide.

My love her heart will aye control;
  For tuned we are in selfsame key.
If tuned the strings of harp with lute,
  Respond they will in harmony.

LOVE'S MELODY

Love is the master of our lives,
And, e'en though happy subjects we,
We 're governed by his scepter strong
Through time and through eternity.

No "rift in lute" is ever found,
For made it was by master hand,
And played upon by angels pure,
Love, Trust, and Faith, a holy band.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

A furtive glance from downcast eye,
A rosy blush, a deep-drawn sigh;
A tender pressure of the hand,
Well understood in Love's own land.

Love's language everywhere is known,
By gentle maid or king on throne.
Translated it in every tongue,
'T is chime of bells by Nature rung.

True love begins in heaven's bower,
Unfolds on earth a perfect flower.
Who can define Love's halting speech?
None it can learn,—none it can teach.

With gold can Love be never bought.
Love seeks its mate; by mate is sought.
Love's flowers bloom, with fragrance fraught;
The perfume back to heaven is caught.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE

It comes to heart as zephyr sweet,
With joy unbounded Love we greet;
He makes his home in happy heart,—
Unerring is Love's hallowed dart.

The arrow swift from Cupid's bow
Strikes heart of king or peasant low.
Love finds but sweetness in the soul,
And joys this sweetness to control.

Love speaks a language most sublime,
Its idioms known in every clime.
Illumines it the face of man,
Makes fair the cheek that once was wan.

Love's tendrils round the heart doth twine,
As round the oak doth cling the vine.
Love ever is in blissful state
When in communion with its mate.

DRIFTING

Comes drifting in from a far-off shore,
  Comes drifting, from we know not where,
Small bits of wood from an unknown land,
  Or tiny shell with tinting rare;
A cocoanut and a tuft of grass,—
  A bird whose journey, far too long,
Full oft sank down on the ocean waves,
  Then weakly sang his death-note song.

We stand on beach as the tide recedes
  And list to dirge the waves e'er sing.
In heart is prayer for loved ones gone
  Far o'er the sea which now doth bring
The tuft of grass, or the drifting wood,
  Or echo sad of sea-bird's song.
The tuft of grass came perhaps from grave
  Where loved one lies and mem'ries throng.

DRIFTING

On bit of wood hath been carved, mayhap,
A name once loved in long ago;
The shell may come from a far-off isle
Where trees and mammee apples grow.
Are drifting out on the tide of life
Full many hopes and scattered dreams,
And sad refrains of a long-dead past,
For naught in life is what it seems.

"A SKELETON IN EVERY CLOSET"

Tell me, friend, is there one in your closet?
And, if so, what complexion is he?
Is he one of your very own children
That is under such strong lock and key?

For an airing do ever you take him
In a carriage or for a short walk?
Is he dumb, is he blind, "hard of hearing"?
Or loquacious is he, fond of talk?

Is he child of your youth that is hidden
By the wealth that is yours in old age?
Was he born to your home in your manhood,—
A memento of sin, and its wage?

But perhaps this poor child you 've adopted,
And to some one you love it belongs.
For the sake of the loved one it's hidden,
And the closet kept closed on her wrongs.

But these children can never be buried,
And dark skeletons always are they;
For no grave can you find for interment,
And no coffin in which they will stay—

Or that holds the remorse of wrong-doing,
That will hide it from heart or from brain;
For it ever the door is unlocking,
In the closet it will not remain.

Then the child at its birth you should strangle,
For no child of dark sin should e'er live.
In its place, nurse a child of right-doing,
To the world good example aye give.

Have no skeleton hidden in closet,
To be kept under strong lock and key.
Have the doors of your closets all open,
And a guard o'er skeleton keep thee.

THE BROOK

In the country, by the roadside,
  Is a brook, a limpid stream;
On each side are pussy willows,—
  Through these trees the sun doth beam.
In the past were cattle browsing
  By the roadside near the brook;
Brown-faced girls and barefoot laddies
  Played their games in sheltered nook.

In the brook were watercresses.
  Oft in childhood's happy hour
'Neath the willow's shady branches,
  'Neath the willow's shady bower,
I have picked the tender cresses,
  Wading deep in sheltered pool,
Then o'er dusty roadway trudging
  Back and forth from country school.

THE BROOK

Growing by the roadside dusty
Were dandelions and roses sweet,
Buttercups and honeysuckles,
Sheltered from the summer's heat.
There was rustic bridge o'er brooklet;
It was covered thick with moss;
Many planks had long been missing,
But we cared not for the loss.

We would bare our feet so nimbly,
Then go dancing through the pool;
On the grass our feet then wiping,
On the grass so sweet and cool.
It so little takes in youth-time,
In our careless childhood years,
To make happy or cause sadness,
To bring smiles or bitter tears.

GATHER BEAMS OF SUNSHINE

Let us gather beams of sunshine,
  And store them, friends, to-day;
For to-morrow clouds may lower,
  And storms beset our way.

Let us drop a word of kindness,—
  It may fall on heart of foe,
And may touch a chord of love-light,
  And dissipate his woe.

Let us smile, though we may suffer,
  Thus cheering lonely way;
Then will some one be made happy,
  Illumined by the ray

Which doth brighten brow, as sunlight
  Dispels the darkest gloom,
And doth light up every corner
  Of cold and dreary room.

GATHER BEAMS OF SUNSHINE

We can never know the sorrow
  That lurks in heart of man,
Though we may dispel much anguish,
  Make bright a face most wan.

Then give blessed, joyous laughter,—
  It ripples through the air;
It will fall on hearts despondent,
  Give pleasure everywhere.

Though you sad may be and gloomy,
  Instead of tears, give smiles;
And, in place of sobs, try laughter,—
  It every heart beguiles.

For the brightest gems are sunbeams
  Stored up by Mother Earth,
And by delving in her bosom,
  These rays again have birth.

HUMANITY

" He gave a boat to the shipwrecked."
What more could ever he do
Than help to rescue his brothers,
To save this perishing crew?
He gave a crumb to the hungry,—
He had but little to give,
But gave that little most gladly,
That poorer brother might live.

He gave a cup of cold water
To a thirsty and weary man.
He gave a smile to a sad one,
Thus lighting up face so wan.
He mingled his tears with the mourner,
And shared his sorrow and grief.
Could man do more for another
Than give in trouble relief?

He gave his time, shared his substance,—
  He gave most freely for aye;
He vaunted never his giving,
  All grief was glad to allay.
He gave a thought to the seeker
  Who, drifting on with the tide,
Was thrown far up on Life's breakers,
  Which waves of Time ever hide.

The thought he planted bears fruitage,
  The drink he gave is a stream,
A river bearing him heavenward.
  He even catches a gleam
Of light celestial and holy,—
  A light born not of this earth,—
A light that comes from God's glory.
  This light in heaven had birth.

He planted seeds of right living;
  The seeds that fell by the way
Will teach a lesson to others,
  Kind deeds to scatter alway.

RIGHT WILL TRIUMPH OVER WRONG

Know we, Father, 't is high wisdom
  Guiding, ruling e'er our lives.
God, we call it, or Jehovah,
  Mighty force which with us strives.
Force beyond us, force above us,—
  Ne'er can we it change, o'errule;
Bow we must in meek submission,
  Knowing life is but a school.

Learn we lessons, understanding
  Never what they 're meant to teach;
Learn by rote, as parrot learneth,
  Problems far beyond our reach,—
Learning ever, yet not knowing
  Why the lesson should be taught,—
Working ever on life's problems,
  Toiling on, though nothing wrought.

Right will triumph in the future;
  Wrong seems now to hold full sway;
Crime and war are ever rampant;
  Evils great we cannot stay.
God, Jehovah, look Thou earthward!
  Wilt not Thou dark crime now stay?
Grant us peace; may evil vanish;
  Demon War put Thou away.

Right the wrongs of Thy poor children;
  Teach them what is best to do.
Of Thy mandates ignorant are they,—
  Wilt not Thou bring them to view?
Came we up from low conditions,—
  Know we this: we did not fall.
For mistake, Thou mad'st never;
  Thou with wisdom ruleth all.

And impatient should we be not;
  Right will come in Thine own time.
Doubt we never will Thy wisdom,
  But with courage ever climb.
God, our Father, we now thank Thee
  That, as children, we must learn;
We, as children, are submissive—
  To Thy love will ever turn.

DUTY

Who gives his life to duty
  Will hardships ever find,
And many, many crosses,
  And roads that devious wind.

Awaiting him seems Pleasure
  At every turn of road;
But Duty stands as sentinel,
  With lash to whip and goad,

Pursuing him forever
  Not giving time for rest,
Though Pleasure stands at cross-roads
  Inviting him as guest,—

E'er offering sweet inducements,
  To stay with him a while.
But Duty beckons onward,
  Nor tries he to beguile

DUTY

With pleasing word nor promise
  That aught of joy he win;
But only bonds, and bondage,
  Yet freedom sweet from sin.

In Pleasure's path are roses;
  She ever hides the thorn
That pierces careless fingers,—
  By Duty 't is withdrawn.

There 's poison in the chalice,—
  Oh, drink not from the bowl
That Pleasure to thee offers!
  It poisons e'en thy soul.

But panacea hath Duty,
  Though bitter it may be.
It leaves no sting nor venom,
  Though drunk full oft by thee.

SOMETIME

'T is sunshine always somewhere,
  Though clouds are overhead;
Dark storms besetting pathway,
  And filling hearts with dread.
The clouds, though black as midnight,
  Will sometime clear away;
Then sunshine bright and glorious
  Will light us on our way.

Though path through brambles leading
  Among the shadows deep
Sometime will have an ending,
  If we the pathway keep.
If hearts be filled with sorrow,
  If eyes are blind with tears,
There is a blessed morrow,
  Not gloomy all the years.

SOMETIME

Then turn your face to sunshine,
  Leave shadows far behind;
In sky you oft see rainbow,
  Though clouds you still may find.
Why linger, then, in shadow?
  The sun doth shine somewhere.
You 'll find it, friend, by seeking
  Sometime, though grief you bear.

MEMORIES

Many years have gone by since my childhood;
Friends and neighbors have all passed away.
By the hearthstone are sitting now strangers,
And the home falling fast to decay.

The old trees do now cast broader shadows,—
Not so deep though as those in my heart.
When I think of the loss of my loved ones,
Bitter tears to my eyes ever start.

Not effaced will this picture be ever;
It is painted on memory's wall.
The dear garden, with lilacs and roses,
The old willow, with grapevine as pall.

In my dreams I still sit on the door-stone
Which is worn by loved feet now at rest.
And with rev'rence I touch e'en the door-latch,
For the hands that I loved it have pressed.

MEMORIES

The scent of sweet roses still lingers,
And the lilac seems fresh e'en to-day.
Still the sunbeams do light up the shadows,
And the breezes blow fresh from the bay.

But the days of the parting grow shorter,
And the shadows each hour will grow less;
For I know that some time not far distant
I again shall know love's sweet caress.

Soon again I shall see my dear mother,
And no sorrow can dim now her eyes.
Soon again shall clasp hands with my father,—
For the love of our loved ones ne'er dies.

SMILES OR TEARS

A smile, a tear, are little things;
They warm the heart or grieve;
They bless the home or make it sad;
Around us they do weave
A wreath of flowers or funeral shroud,
A happy heart or gloom,
A dancing step or laggard walk,
A hope most high or doom.

A smile is as the sunlight bright,—
Illumines face with peace.
While tears will deepen every line,
Seem shadows to increase.
We bless the smiles, they cheer our way,—
We ostracize all tears.
Of life we 'll show the brightest side,
All gloom then disappears.

"KEEP THE UPPER WINDOWS OPEN"

"Keep the upper windows open,"
Let the sunlight enter in.
Keep the floors swept and garnished,
Free from error and from sin.

"Be ye ever up and doing"
What your hands may find to do.
Be not weary, do your duty,—
You will then have naught to rue.

There are shadows deep and gloomy
In the home and in the heart;
Try ye ever to dispel them,
"In this world do well your part."

Pick ye up life's threads, and weave them,
Weave them on the loom of time;
Drop no stitches in life's fabric,
Try to make your life sublime.

"THE LOST CHORD"

A string is missing from the harp,
And silent is the lute.
No music in my heart to-day,—
Love's melody is mute.

Discordant are the notes I strike,
Discordant is my song.
A note is missing from my life,
Sad mem'ries round me throng.

No harmony is in my soul,
Though all the world is fair.
From life's sweet lute a string is gone;
'T is discord everywhere.

Now broken is the lute and harp;
No more can music bring
Into my life, into my home.
A sad refrain I sing.

"GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

Old Father Time hath sickle sharp.
Prepared is field, the grain to reap.
A golden harvest for the Lord,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

The grain now garnered is and stored;
In gran'ries grand He sheaves doth keep.
His loved will rest, their sun hath set,—
They know that God will give them sleep.

All burdens of the day they 've borne,
Have struggled up the paths so steep;
But life seems brighter by these words:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Life's smiles are few, its joys are less;
Full oft in sorrow we must weep.
But God hath cheered us by these words:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"GOD GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP"

Refreshing sleep—O blissful rest!
It causeth hearts with joy to leap,
To read these words, these blessed words:
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Departed life,—its sorrows, too,—
No more sad vigil need we keep.
We 've passed beyond all earthly ills,—
God to His loved ones gives sweet sleep.

We wake in heaven, hath vanished grief,
And to us given joy so deep.
When lo! a voice is heard by us—
To all mankind God giveth sleep.

For God doth love His children all,—
Will never make the least one weep.
E'en though by error led astray,
He still to them gives restful sleep.

SIN WILL LEAVE ITS SCARS

Into thy life now look, O man!
  Hast drunk thou of the bowl
Of earthly pleasures, earthly sins?
  Is scar left on thy soul?

All wounds are healed howe'er so deep;
  But scar will ever stay
When wound is made on soul or heart;
  For sin exacts full pay

For all mistakes, whate'er they be,
  And error aye will bind
Us fast in fetters; nor released
  Will ever be mankind

From consequences of past sin.
  Effect doth ever follow cause;
If we sow tares, we reap not grain,
  For such are Nature's laws.

SIN WILL LEAVE ITS SCARS

No panacea will e'er be found
For hurt when caused by sin.
Though we may every effort make,
The scar is burned deep in.

No balm in Gilead can be found
The pain of sin to ease;
Though cauterized by every good,
We cannot find surcease

For broken laws, though ignorant we
Of future life's high goal;
The stab of sin is just as deep,
And scar leaves on the soul.

SOMETIME AND SOMEWHERE

In the sometime, in the somewhere,
  Bright our hopes, and bright the day;
In the future, in the morrow,
  There is joy and peace alway.

In the springtime, in the summer,
  All the flowers so perfect are.
In the winter, storms may lower,
  But our hopes they do not mar.

In the country, in the city,
  We but see the brightest part;
For the sometime, for the somewhere
  Is the joy within the heart.

Though to future we look forward,
  We shall never reach its goal;
But our joy is in the hoping
  And sweet peace within the soul.

SOMETIME AND SOMEWHERE

What is heaven but the somewhere?
  What is hope?—'t is in the heart.
All of peace in soul is centered,
  Is the joy which we impart.

You will find your heaven in earth-life;
  You can make of it a hell.
By your thoughts and by your living
  You can make a prison cell.

Try to bring the somewhere, sometime,
  To the present, to the now.
In full measure it returneth,
  If with love you all endow.

All of peace and all of gladness
  May be found where'er thou art
If you seek it, you absorb it
  In the somewhere of the heart.

SOMETIME AND SOMEWHERE

There is sunshine in the future,
  Ever sunshine, ever peace;
There are never dark clouds lowering,
  All our troubles seem to cease.

All is there so light and buoyant,
  And far better this than grief;
And we feel that in the somewhere,
  In the sometime, comes relief.

WHAT IS LIFE?

It is a dream, a nightmare, phantasy,—
  Its morning may be clear and fair,
But hot and sultry at high noon it grows;
  At night may come the lightning glare.
At early morn no cloud is in the sky.
  O life, how beautiful and bright!
Soon weary cares and disappointments come,
  And darkest clouds obscure the light.

Life is a bubble on the ocean broad;
  The first strong wave doth bubble break,
And 'neath the billows dark it buried is,
  And we in sorrow do awake.
A fleecy cloud obscures Life's shining rays,
  And hides their splendor for short space,
A breath of wind doth blow the cloud away;
  We see again Life's sunny face.

WHAT IS LIFE?

A flower is Life—'t is born from out the earth;
It blooms, it withers in a day.
Again is held in loving Nature's lap;
It sleeps—but Nature's laws obey.
It hath in grave a season short of rest,
Again dons garb of bright array,
Again fulfills the laws of Nature's God,—
Not long in cold, damp earth will stay.

We thank Thee, God, for Life, e'en though so short,
E'en though there be more tears than smiles,
E'en though high hopes may fall to lowest plane,
E'en though oft tempted by the wiles
Of serpent fame, ambition, or by wealth,
Of tinkling cymbal and of brass,—
E'en though our bodies frail shall turn to dust,—
For taught are we, "All flesh is grass,"

Which grows to-day, then in the oven cast
Of buried hope, of joyless heart,
Of sweet illusions, now forever gone,
Yet claim we, Lord, "Life's better part."

WHAT IS LIFE?

Life is a breath of love, a joy, a woe,
A grief, a sorrow, many tears.
It is ambition with its torrid heat,—
A moment ours, then disappears.
The reaching out for wealth, and happy home,
Of honor, paid to us by man,
And also station in the highest ranks,
These hopes in our young life began.

Life is a moment here,—forever there,—
A struggle e'er for earthly fame.
Eternity with our short life began.
Why struggle we to make a name?
To make a name—a monument where bow
The sycophants in whom we trust.
Though name be carved on marble, wood, or stone,
Man's body mingles with the dust.

LIFE'S CONFLICT

Deceit hath encompassed me, friends I have lost;
On Life's roughest sea my bark has been tossed.
I 'm weary of watching the nights without stars;
No bow of sweet promise illumines the bars
That shut in my soul, making gloomy my life.
'T is toiling on ever, e'en living is strife.
No hope in the future, no joy in the past;
A failure seems life, with clouds overcast.

Will the clouds ever break and the sunlight appear,
And courage be mine to vanquish all fear?
My burdens are heavy; I cannot them bear.
O Father, take pity! have me in Thy care.
Though dark be the evening, the morn will be light.
You sink in your weakness—oh, rise in your might!
To bear well Life's burdens will strengthen your soul.
Prepared be for sorrow; its forces control.

Your griefs ought to chasten; all troubles will end.
Though burdens be heavy, your back to them bend.
If fitted you are to bear every grief,
To-morrow brings respite, you find sweet relief.
Then do every duty, for promise hast thou
That bright is the crown that shall rest on thy brow.
If spirits of evil now stand in your way,
The ghosts overcome, forever them lay.
Though drink you of wormwood, and sip you of rue,
When clouds are the blackest, more brilliant the hue
Of Hope's dearest bow that spans your dull sky:
If courage is gone, the poor heart must die.

Thy blessings are many—why wilt thou complain?
All flowers are sweeter when washed by the rain.
The tempest is needed as well as the dew:
E'en though there are storm-clouds, the sun is in view.
To-day, though we weep, and sorrow be ours,
Refreshed are our souls, as by rain are the flowers.
Behind every grief some blessing is found.
Though hidden the river, pure gold may abound.

THE SEASONS

Is gone the summer, with its heat;
October cool with joy we greet.
All dressed in gorgeous hues the trees,
We list to hum of laggard bees.
The farmer's toil hath not been vain;
For stored in barn is golden grain.
The clover sweet on mow is stacked;
The yellow corn in bins is packed.

The ripened leaves are golden brown,
Seem rare bright gems from Autumn's
crown.
Soon heavy clouds will blanket throw
O'er frozen lake—a pall of snow.
The cattle in the pastures stand.
They seem to wonder why the land
Is cold and hard—no morsel sweet
Is growing now beneath their feet.

To warmer climes the birds have flown;
Through spicy pines the winds doth moan;
In cozy nest the squirrel hides;
O'er sun-kissed rock a lone snake glides
In search of home, through winter's cold;
Deep sleep will soon his brain enfold.
All nature seems to stand now still,
Preparing for the storm-king's will.

This mighty king, the snow-god wild,
Will cover well his sleeping child
With blanket warm, a shroud so pure
That e'en to death it doth allure.
The firelight dances on the wall,
From blazing logs; on ear doth fall
A song, a symphony so sweet,
That angels seem our souls to greet.

The Sun not long his face will hide
From Spring, his fair and radiant bride;
A smile will give, a kiss will throw,
Which frights away the drifted snow,—
Will give a dress of satin sheen
And jewels rare to deck his queen.
His bride with pearls he will endow,
They fall as rain-drops on her brow.

A matron now is happy Spring —
A blushing wife with marriage-ring.
Bright flowers in her pathway grow,
Caresses sweet she doth bestow
Upon her lord, her brilliant king,—
Sweet fruit and flowers to him doth bring
As offerings of her wifely work, —
No duty doth she ever shirk.

BRING LOVING THOUGHTS

Put but one simple flower
  Upon my bier.
Bring but a single bud,
  And shed no tear.

But think of some good deed
  I may have wrought,
Some kindly act or word
  I may have brought
Into thy home and life
  To help and bless,
To save thee many tears
  And much distress.

Life's burdens and its cares
  Are hard to bear.
Send flowers to weary ones,
  Flowers sweet and rare.

BRING LOVING THOUGHTS

No flowers put on my grave—
  I need them not.
I only ask and wish
  A loving thought
Of what I may have done,
  Of help I gave,—
Mayhap an aiding hand
  To guide and save.

Some spoken word of peace
  Where once was strife;
Sweet harmony it brought
  Into thy life.
This is the flower to bring—
  A loving thought.
Its fragrance never dies,
  From heaven 't is brought.

MEMORIES OF THE BUTTERNUT-TREE

Oh, the bright airy castles I builded
While I sat in the twilight with thee!
Then my life-ship was laden with love-thoughts,
As we sat 'neath the butternut-tree.

I was filled with bright hopes for the future,
As I gazed in the depths of thine eyes,
And your love even now is me thrilling;
For true love in the heart never dies.

Thou art still the full joy of my being,
Though thy hair is as white as the snow,
Though thine eyes, once so bright, are now dimming,
And thy step is so feeble and slow.

The dark shadows of evening are falling,
Soon the clouds will obscure our loved tree.
But my love for thee ever grows stronger,
Though our ship hath sailed long on life's sea.

MEMORIES OF THE BUTTERNUT-TREE

'Neath the butternut-tree I first met thee;
It was there that I told thee my love.
Thou art now to my heart as enticing,
For thy love was a gift from above.

In the morning of life I first met thee,
In thy girlhood so sweet and so pure.
Thou didst then give thy life to my keeping.
And thy trust will forever endure.

Even now I am building bright castles—
Bright castles beyond life's rough sea.
Still I cherish the words thou hast spoken,
When we sat 'neath the butternut-tree.

TO-DAY

For all the buried yesterdays
I will not shed one tear;
I loved them not, I mourn them not,
I weep not o'er their bier.

Although they hover round my heart
And beg to enter in,
No welcome they shall have from me,
No smile from me shall win.

To-day is all enough for me;
I welcome it with joy.
It gives a promise of sweet rest,
A day without alloy.

To-morrow gives a beck'ning hand—
I turn my face away;
I 'll not invite her to my home—
I only love To-day.

TO THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

Fit emblem thou of our loved State,
With satin gown of golden sheen,
Thy glorious face reflects the sun,
Thou art of all our flowers the queen.

Majestic standest thou, erect,
Defying sun, defying heat,
But when the shadows on thee fall
Thy petals close, thou canst not meet
The gloom that now around thee lies;
For thou wert born for sunshine bright.
Thou sleepest when the shadows come,
And waken only to the light.

O golden flower, of golden State!
Thy mother now is proud of thee—
Hast placed thee on her banner bright,
Thou wilt her future emblem be.

DOST REMEMBER?

Doth the rosebud remember
  Its life before this—
All its struggles for freedom
  From out the abyss
Of the earth, its fond parent,
  Who nursed with such care
All the branches and flowers
  Which the rose-bush doth bear?

Dost remember, O rain-drop,
  Thy home in the sea,
When the sun with fond wooing
  Spake love-words to thee,
Aye alluring thee upward,
  E'er enticing thee on,
Then his face from thee hiding
  When thy love he had won?

DOST REMEMBER?

Doth the soul now remember
  When first it had birth?
Was its heritage heaven,
  Or its legacy earth?
Doth it know what its future,
  Doth it know what its past?
To the heights is it rising,
  Or to depths is it cast?

We may seek for this knowledge,
  But we seek all in vain;
It is hidden in darkness,
  In oblivion is lain.
We may hope for the future,
  Though not knowing the past,
For the soul and its problems
  So profound are and vast.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

We do not know, we cannot think
  What is a thought, or what its power,
From whence it comes, or what its strength,
  Bequeathed though it to us as dower.

Does thought from brain or spirit come?
  Is it an essence from the soul?
Is it a gift alone to man?
  And only man doth it control?

A fickle goddess Thought at times,—
  Try ne'er so hard we catch her not.
We try to think; 't is all in vain,—
  Imprisoned never is a thought.

Like lightning flashing through the clouds,
  It comes—a light, and then is gone,
A star which falls adown through space,
  Again it comes as morning dawn.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

Full oft a thought in brain of man
  Doth play the game of "hide and seek."
Though hunt we may from morn till night,
  The thought, more subtle, doth bespeak

A nook or cranny, where it hides,
  And search though we from morn till night,
We search in vain, 't is hidden well,
  And ne'er again will come to light.

Then, thought will come all unannounced;
  We do not wish to entertain.
Impatiently it waits at door—
  To shut it out is all in vain.

WHAT THOUGHT MAY BE

A blaze of glory, or a demon wild,
A phantom dark, or angel child,
A blessing sweet, or curse most dire,
A chilling blast, or scorching fire,
A wave so wild on storm-tossed sea,
An inland lake of mystery.

A meteor flashing through the sky,
A bird who sinks to earth to die,
A grief which long in heart hath lain,
A love, a joy, a deep, deep pain,
A coffin, grave, a funeral shroud,
A home, a bride, a black, black cloud.

A blasting wind, a zephyr sweet,
A lurid sky, then storms we meet,
A lion strong, then gentle dove,
A demon hate, or angel's love,
A sob, a tear, a laugh, a smile,
A happy dream which doth beguile.

WHAT THOUGHT MAY BE

A faith, an error, unbelief,
A hope, injustice, causing grief,
A paradise, a heaven, a hell,
A pit in which sweet hope must dwell,
A gentle mercy, selfish greed,
A charity, a loving deed.

A thought! Who can define its power?
A thorn it is, a fragrant flower,
A benediction sweet and pure,
A curse which oft we must endure,
A grave, a sepulcher so deep,
Aye filled with bones o'er which we weep.

A hope fulfilled of plans so bright,
A cloudless morn, then darkest night,
A loving heart is thought of bliss,
A gift from heav'n, a mother's kiss,
A wave of murder, rapine, lust,
A friendship pure, in which we trust.

A deed from envious malice wrung,
A song by sweet-voiced seraph sung,
A birth, a death, a mother's prayer,—
To save her child, she all will dare,—
Her love will cling to him, though he
Should sin throughout eternity.

FINALE.

These few thoughts will now be scattered. If a stray thought-waif shall be found and given a home in some heart, there to be nourished and cared for, its foster parent will be repaid threefold.

With loving thoughts,

ARDELIA COTTON BARTON.

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